

Taming Mr. Black

Chapter 22

NAOMI'S POV

He sighs, eyes staring at mine as he licks his lips and briefly looks away.

" I wanted to say that I'm sorry for treating you badly. Not really standing up for you when my parents said those bad things was really cowardice of me. I should have fought for you, but I didn't and I hate myself for that." He says and sighs. " And I'm really happy you gave me a chance to work on this friendship thing with me. I'm grateful and I promise I'm not gonna make it awkward as we go on, I promise." George says.

I smile and nod. I risk a glance at Killian and he's smiling at what the other man says. The man sitting opposite him. They look almost alike, maybe his relative or something. He casts his eyes on me and I look away.

I clear my throat. " Thanks. I'm going to use the restroom, I'll be back." I say to George and stand up.

He nods as I walk away, ignoring my boss's eyes on my body as I pass his peripheral. I look for the restroom and enter inside. I wanted to be alone, that's the reason I excused myself. I'm exhausted, tired, and pissed at nothing in particular, and my boss's constant stares at me is making me feel weird. Making me think about these weird thoughts and I don't like that.

The fact that he's staring at me the way no other man has ever stared at me before shouldn't make me have this weird feeling at the pit of my stomach. I feel like a highschool junior who got noticed by the school's jock for the first time.

Ew. Gross.

" Should I be worried you're the one stalking me now?" A familiar voice makes me twirl around at once.

Killian Black in all his glory. God, he looks insanely more attractive than the last time I saw him a week ago. He's dressed in his usual expensive work clothes. A dark blue suit and he looks delicious.

" The last time I checked, I was the one with the perverted look. What has happened to you princess?" He asks, with a sly smirk as he locks the restroom door.

" What are you doing? This is the female's restroom."

" I'm having an alone time with you." He whispers as he approaches me.

I sigh and look back at the mirror, with my reflection staring back at me. Killian Black stands next to me, taking his time to stare at me like it's the first time we're meeting.

" You look good." He says, staring at me through the big mirror in front of us.

I turn my head to the side and our eyes meet. I lick my bottom lip and look away. His grey eyes are darker today, with a little touch of blue.

Strange.

" You said he was your ex." Killian says at once.

" Pardon?" I turn to fully look at him this time, with my body facing his.

I try to ignore the whiff of his cologne that's clouded my head. Killian looks down at me, a mix of grey and blue eyes watching me.

" The guy you're here with. You said he was your ex." He says.

Are we back to this now? My boss being nosy about the men I hang out with?

" Why do you even care?" I ask, annoyed as I look away.

" I don't."

" Then stop asking."

" Why?" He asks.

He's annoyingly close now, and I can feel his expensive pants touching my bare legs.

" Why do you need to stop asking me about the men I hangout with?" I ask and cross my arms as I turn to face him.

He's facing me too, with a stoic expression on his face and his hands buried in his pockets. His eyes take me in, eyeing my dress as he brings his gaze to my eyes.

" This is crazy. You're my boss Killian Black, and the men I go out with are none of your concern. Why do you care?"

He doesn't answer immediately. Our eyes are still locked, with his beautiful grey eyes staring into mine. The more I stare at him, the more I know why women barely say no to him. But I'm not like the women he's been with before. Even if I'm, I'm not gonna give him the impression that he can easily get what he wants.

Not gonna happen.

" I don't care, Naomi."

" And yet here you're trying to be nosy and digging about my personal life." I tell him, not daring to look away from this eye contest.

Killian sighs, bringing out his right hand from inside his pocket as he runs it over his hair.

" What do I have to do?" He asks all of a sudden. He sounds tired, probably because he's just retiring from today's work. Or he's tired of my constant rejection.

" What?" I am confused right now.

Killian takes a step closer, holding my hand that's firmly crossed over my chest and pulling at it so it's dropped to my sides.

" What do I have to do to make you mine, Naomi?" He whispers. His voice is deep, and smooth, and filled with hunger that sends a weird electric feeling down my spine and straight to my core.

Hunger for what? Me?

I'm tongue tied as I stare at him with a slightly open mouth. We're both quiet as we stare at each other, letting our eyes do the talking instead of our mouths.

I didn't expect my boss, Killian Black, to ask me what he had to do to make me his in a restroom. So I just stared at him, speechless, and surprised.

" Tell me, Naomi. Do I have to be friends with you, buy you dinner in an expensive restaurant so you can give me a chance?"

A chance? A chance to do what? A chance to fuck? Or a chance to let him play me like his toy.

God, he sounds like a complete asshole that he is. An arrogant rich asshole.

" I'm not an easy lay, Mr. Black, and I'm sure as hell not willing to give you a chance to let you fuck me. You should check the next door." I say and take a step back as I turn around to leave.